

Good Evening!

By BIDE DUDLEY

They're striking to the east of us.
They're striking to the west.
The railroad men, the mining men,
Now face a sturdy test.
These strikes may bring a lot of
woe,
Disaster lurks about
Yet mild are they
Compared, I'll say,
To three that put Babe out.

OBSERVATIONS.

One has quit the political bunch
for his banana stand. From bunch
to bunches, as it were!

Scientists are trying to make a motion
picture of Mars. Presume Mars
herself will be the star!

A book dealer says college girls
like sex novels best. Wonder which
ones are the sex best sellers!

Mayor Hylan advises against polit-
ical careers. There are too darned
many people after that Governorship
as it is.

Walrus whiskers are used as tooth-
picks in China. As we understand it
very few of the men walruses are
smooth-faced.

Good Joke!

Girl—I'm going to make a hand
bag.
Man—Well, can you head it?

LAUGHING LENA.

(Who does not relish a good detective
story now and again?)
Lena picked up her arms and
threw them around the neck of
Archibald. He was surprised,
but did not scream.

"It seems we are to be friends,"
he said.
Grocer Hoskins had always
eyed in fear of his wife. She
was very jealous of him because
of his lovely whiskers. Seeing
Lena hugging Archibald, the
grocer grinned.

"Gosh!" he said. "Wasn't I
wasn't asked of my wife."
The society women were
shocked. It sounded so prepos-
terous. Oh, I can't tell you how
preposterous it sounded. But
society doesn't take such mat-
ters deeply, and soon the ladies
were calm. Lady Hotchkiss ac-
tually smiled.

"Here Ebenezer!" she said.
Why she made the mistake
none could tell. The grocer's
name was Angus, not Ebenezer,
and this fact put a serious aspect
on the whole matter.

Lena, realizing she had not
discovered who had kicked Hos-
kins, gave Archibald a smash in
the face.

"I would never kiss you,"
she announced.
Oh, for goodness sake! What
could this indicate?

Lady Hotchkiss thought it
time to intervene. Stepping for-
ward lightly, she placed one hand
on Lena's shoulder.

"Don't you dare tickle me!"
she said firmly.

At that moment memories of
the haunted house came to Hos-
kins.

"I'm going to the haunted
house," he said merrily.

"It has a ghost," snapped Lady
Hotchkiss.

"Which," said Archibald, with

POEMS OF PREFERENCE

Susan Crank—that's the name she
signs—has sent us a rhyme about the
man she would marry, if she could
find him. Somehow or other, we like
Susan's little "pome." See if you
don't:
The man I need must have a heart
Right where his heart should be.
I want a man whose tears can start—
Who knows real sympathy.
I want a man who'll say: "Old gal,
Forget it!" when I'm blue.
And when I locate such a pal,
It's weddin' bells for Rue.

love in his eyes, "ghost to
show"
(To be continued.)

Then They'll Come Back.

Wanted—A woman to wash baby
clothes. Must not have a baby in
her family.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE BAT BOY.

(As we used to know him.)
Just see him stride from bench to
plate.

The boy who keeps the bats.
With truly a majestic gait.
The boy who keeps the bats.
His clothes are old; his feet are bare;
His face unshaved; unkempt his
hair.

Yet he's in pride a millionaire.
The boy who keeps the bats.
A most important lad is he.
The boy who keeps the bats.
Possessed of great activity

The boy who keeps the bats.
He knows each player by his name,
His age, his weight, from whence he
came
And just how long he's played the
game.

The boy who keeps the bats.
He'll lug ten sticks and laugh with
glee.

The boy who keeps the bats.
"De gang" regards with jealousy.
The boy who keeps the bats.
Although he's not employed for pay
He "pits inside to see 'em play."
Which beats his former knot-hole
toy.

The boy who keeps the bats.
He knows each player's stick, you
bet!

The boy who keeps the bats.
'Twould break his heart should he
forget.

The boy who keeps the bats.
Whenever a ball is knocked away
He throws them one with which to
play.

He's there for business ev'ry day.
The boy who keeps the bats.

He yells when worthy work is done.
The boy who keeps the bats.

He dances after ev'ry run.
The boy who keeps the bats.

He's overjoyed at victory
And tells the other kids how "we"
Won out "as easy as cud be."
The boy who keeps the bats.

Such a Sign!

We noticed a neat card in a cloth-
ing store on Broadway, not far from
Park Place, Saturday, on which the
word "embraces" was spelled "em-
brasses." It certainly made us down-
hearted.

AND NOW PERMIT US

to say that John Kickopolis of
Newark, who hit his daughter
over the head with a mandolin,
insists he was trying to teach
her a music lesson.

JOE'S CAR



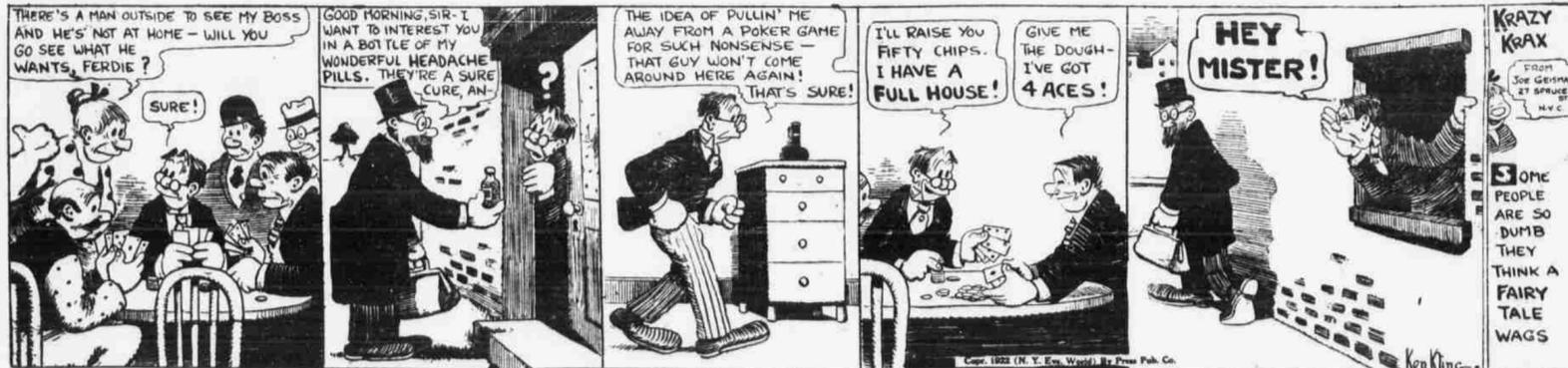
THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



LITTLE MARY MIXUP



KATINKA



BEAUTIFUL BAB



It's Lucky Bab Made 'Em Pay Cash in Advance! (See To-Morrow)

About Plays and Players

"HUNKY DORY," one of last season's successes in London, will be seen at the Klaw Theatre early in September under the direction of Marc Klaw, Inc. It is a Scotch play, with an author and a cast of the same nationality. Macdonald Watson, who wrote the comedy, acts the leading role. He made the production himself in London and was rewarded with almost instant public approval. The original Scotch company will be seen here. The play-ers will sail for America in August.

JUST WANTED TO LOOK.

A little old woman, evidently from the rural districts, went to the watchman at the Hippodrome yesterday and asked if she might go into the building.
"There is no show here now," he replied. "The house is closed."
"I know that," said she. "I just want to see the inside of the opera house. Where can I buy a ticket?"
The watchman let her go in and

look around. She came out in about ten minutes and, smiling, said:
"Thank you, Mr. Dillingham."

OH, HEAVENS ALIVE!

Galina Kopernak, formerly of "Montmartre," was leaving the city recently for a rest, and a youth, of the "lounge lizard" type, insisted on bidding her goodbye. She said she was ill.

"I hope your illness is not contagious," he said, in an effort at humor.

"It isn't in your case," she replied. "It is a breakdown, due to hard work."

BROADHURST IS BUSY.

George Broadhurst will produce his new play, "Wild Oats Lane," to-night in Atlantic City. His next venture will be a production of "I Will If You Will," a comedy.

GOSSIP.

While the weather is warm the Tiller dancing girls of "Good Morn-

ing, Dear," are allowed an extra ice cream each daily.
Louise Russing has entered the cast of "Cylinder Love."
Sam Harris will launch "It's a Boy" in Atlantic City to-night.
Carie Carlton has obtained an oper-ette called "The Spanish Nightingale" and will feature Gloria Dawn in it.
Allan Clark, sculptor, will exhibit his works in the lobby of the Earl Carroll Theatre for a week in the near future.
Donald Gallaher and Isabelle D'Armond will play the Proctor Circuit in a William Anthony McGuire sketch.
The Threshold Players will offer a new bill July 22. Two of the play-lets are "Twilight of the Moon," by

Charles Buxton Goins, and "The Importance of Being a Roushneck," by Robert Garland.
Gilda Gray of the "Follies" has received several offers to shimmy in London. She has not yet decided to shake this country, however.
Claude King will assume the role of the Gentleman in "He Who Gets Slapped" at the Garrick Theatre to-

night. He has played in numerous Guild roles.
The cast and chorus of "Sue, Dear," at the Times Square Theatre, will be the guests of Marcus Nathan at the Terrace Garden Dance Palace to-morrow night.
Milton H. Goodman of the Keith & Orpheum Press Department and Harry Le Vine are vacationing at Moodus, Conn., where there are many beautiful girls.
A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.
The optimist laughs to forget, while the pessimist forgets to laugh.—Rosalind Fuller.
FOOLISHMENT.
I knew an up-State man named Post. A post who used to boast and boast. One day some men he'd bothered most procured some tar and painted Post.

PUT IT IN THE ACT.
"Why is a pig so coarse when it eats?"
"He's expected to make a hog of himself, isn't he?"